

## NOT THE THROB OF LOVE.

Dear One's Reminiscence Seemed Somehow to Lack Romance.

They sat on the sofa. They had just come to a mutual understanding, and he had measured her finger for the engagement ring, and they were in the first throes of tender reminiscence.

"You do not remember," he said, in a trembling voice, "you do not remember when you first saw me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Did any thrill or throb tell your heart this happy moment would come? No; that could not be expected."

"Yes, something did seem to whisper that we might become man and wife."

"My darling." And he kissed her fondly.

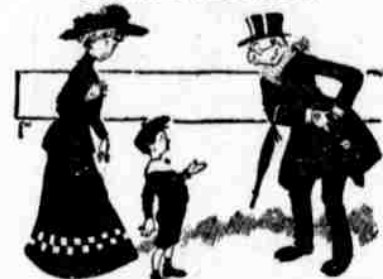
"Yes; I remember I saw you from the window leaving the house, and I thought you were bandy-legged, and I thought how awful it would be to marry a bandy-legged man, but it was only the glass in the window that was uneven and made you look so."

## ECZEMA ALL OVER HIM.

No Night's Rest for a Year and Limit of His Endurance Seemed Near—Owes Recovery to Cuticura.

"My son Clyde was almost completely covered with eczema. Physicians treated him for nearly a year without helping him any. His head, face, and neck were covered with large scabs which he would rub until they fell off. Then blood and matter would run out and that would be worse. Friends coming to see him said that if he got well he would be disgraced for life. When it seemed as if he could possibly stand it no longer, I used some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. That was the first night for nearly a year that he slept. In the morning there was a great change for the better. In about six weeks he was perfectly well. Our leading physician recommends Cuticura for eczema. Mrs. Algy Cockburn, Shiloh, O., June 11, 1907."

## SAMMY'S FEELINGS.



"Sammy," said his mean uncle, "how would you feel if I were to give you a penny?"

"I think," replied Sammy, "that I should feel a little faint at first, but I'd try and get over it."

## Explained Away.

The diner dropped his fork with a clatter.

"Ugh! Ough! Phew!" he cried.

"Yes, sir?" inquired the oily waiter.

"This stuff—what do you call it?" demanded the diner.

"Steak, sir, I think," replied the waiter, examining it closely. "Yes, it is steak, sir. I'll swear to it now!"

"But the smell!" roared the diner. "Smell it! Judge for yourself. It must be weeks—"

The waiter shook his head, and then bent over confidentially.

"You're makin' a little mistake, sir," he whispered, glancing cautiously round. "It's that other gentleman's fish!"

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, I ss.  
FRANK J. CHENEY, Clerk of the Court, do hereby certify that the within and foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original as the same appears from the records of said Court.

Sworn to before me and subscribed to in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1906.  
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.  
Hail's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

**Disease Damages Tea Crops.**  
A curious disease which has done much damage to the tea crops of northeast India is known as "red rust." An account of the species of alga (Cepaleuros virescens), which causes it, is given by C. M. Hutchingson in the "Memoirs of the Agricultural Department of India." It attacks the leaves and stems of the tea plant, forming yellow patches. It is propagated by two kinds of spores, one carried by water and the other by air.

**Homeopathic Loss.**  
Ethelberta is a doctor's daughter just past six, which throws a side light on the story the Philadelphia Public Ledger tells about her.

On her sixth birthday Ethelberta's father gave her a little ring with a tiny pearl in it. Not very long after that she appeared in her father's office, looking very woebegone.

"O, daddy," she said, "I've lost the little pill out of my ring!"

**Important to Mothers.**  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoag*.  
In Use For Over 30 Years.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

**Rather Dubious.**  
"I hear Goldrox bought a doubtful piece of property lately that he paid several millions for. Did he get a good title?"

"I don't know, I am sure. He bought a duke for his daughter."

# A FAR CRY

The Story of a Happy Christmas  
By MAGLYN DUPREC

(Copyright, 1906, by Short Story Publishing Co.)

It had not been easy for John Wellington, Sr., to select his Christmas gifts this year, although his old wife and one or two servants were all for whom he had to provide. It was Christmas eve, and he had been through bookstores, where handsomely bound volumes of story writers, philosophers and poets were displayed on every counter; through brilliantly lighted jewelry stores, where precious stones gleamed softly against backgrounds of rich velvet; through the perfumed shop of the florist, where delicate blossoms from famous greenhouses breathed forth a fragrance that gave the lie to the bitter wind and swirling snow outside. With each he had left a generous check, but always with an unsatisfied feeling that he was paying for something he did not care to have. Finally, he had been lured into a shop whose windows displayed an attractive lot of toys for small boys, and he had selected from its almost endless store of guns, wagons, wonderful animals and ear-splitting "wind instruments," a red tin horn, costing him only 25 cents.

This had given him more satisfaction than any purchase he had made for many times that amount.

The other parcels he had ordered delivered, but this he had carried himself, as though it were something too precious to be trusted to other hands. It was this that he unwrapped before



"I Bought it for a Memory, Mother."

the big, old-fashioned fireplace where his wife sat, as soon as he had come in from the storm-swept street. As he held it up where the red gleam of the firelight was caught on its rounded surface, a look of surprise swept over the gentle old face near him.

"Why, John, you never bought that! Surely they handed you someone else's purchase."

"No," he said, his face growing suddenly tender. "I bought it."

His wife, with a woman's quick instinct, divined the reason. She stepped nearer to him and laying her hand on his arm, looked at him with pleading eyes, saying: "But why, father?"

It was the first time she had called him father for a decade past, and there was a pitiful break in the old man's voice as he replied: "I bought it for a memory, mother."

That was the first time in ten years he had called her mother, and at the sound of the name, she, too, gave way—gave way, womanlike, leaning her head on his arm, and sobbing out a grief that had silently stolen the roses from her cheeks and the light from her eyes as the years had gone by. The old man's arm went round her lover-fashion, while his hand gently stroked her soft white hair. "There, there, mother, dear. The boy's not dead. I'll find him for you, if I have to hunt the world over. I was to blame," he said, with such infinite regret in his voice that the old wife reached up and drew his head down to her face and whispered: "Don't take it so, father. I know you thought you were doing the best for the boy when you sent him away to do or die on his own account, and somehow I feel tonight, as I have never felt before, that he may be found."

As she spoke, something in her tones made him feel that at last his wife had forgiven him entirely for the decision which, ten years before, had robbed her of her only child. Always before this he felt through all her gentle and kindly care for him, that tucked away somewhere in the silent recesses of her being there was just a little bitterness against him for the childless state he had brought upon her. But now that he, himself, had come to repent it, he knew beyond a doubt that the last drop of that bitterness had been swallowed up in a grief grown sweet from being shared.

He sat down in his great arm chair and looked up with misty eyes at his

wife. "You're right, mother. I did think it best. I would rather have seen him dead than worthless, and I knew if he had worth, he would conquer himself, and rise without my aid, more of a man than with it." She put her arm around his neck and patted his cheek. "He has risen somewhere, father. I know it. He could not be your son and fail," she said, the loyalty and love of a lifetime lighting her face with a soft radiance.

He took up the tin horn from the table where he had laid it, and fondled it as if it were fraught with memories, instead of merely recalling them.

"It's ten years since he left," he said, "what a man he must be now—31 to-night. But I was thinking, when I bought this, of the time when he was such a little yellow-haired toddler, and almost drove us wild with just such a horn as this at Christmas time."

She took the horn from him, and looking dreamily at it, said: "We'll keep this, father; maybe Jack's boy will some time make these old walls ring with it at Christmas time as he made them ring, himself, so many years ago."

"God grant that he may!" said the old man. "Do you remember, mother, how he used to come chasing down the street after me when I would start off to my work in the morning?"

"Yes, and how you would pick him up and carry him back to me," she said. "And do you remember the time we came near losing him, the day he ran away to hunt you in the city?"

"Who that saw you then could forget it, mother," and he took her hand in his and drew her down to the chair beside him. They sat hand in hand in the silence, given over to voiceless memories of the past, only the ticking of the old clock keeping an accompaniment to their dreams of other Christmas Eves. They were sitting thus an hour later when a servant opened the door and said, respectfully: "There is a telephone call for Mr. Wellington."

"Can't you answer it, Mary?" the old man asked, loath to leave his comfortable chair and dreams.

"No, sir. It is especially for you. A long-distance call, I think."

"Who the deuce wants to talk to me from a distance," he said, as he rose and went to the telephone in the hall. "Hello, who is this?" he asked, as he picked up the receiver. "Yes, this is John Wellington."

"A party in Chicago wants to talk to you," said the long-distance operator.

"All right, put him up. Who in thunder do I know in Chicago," he ejaculated to himself, pressing the receiver closer to his ear.

A peculiar walling sound was all he heard, and a puzzled expression crept over his face. "Talk a little louder. I can't understand a thing you are saying," and he listened more intently. The walling grew a little louder, but still it was nothing but an inarticulate wall, and for a moment the old man looked thoroughly disgusted.

"Confound it!" he shouted at last. "You sound exactly like a mewling infant. I don't know what you are saying."

Then a man's laugh was heard, followed by "A merry Christmas, father. You know exactly what he sounds like, but you don't know what he is saying," and there was another laugh, ringing joyful, as in his boyhood days, and the old man knew he had found his own.

"Jack, Jack, my boy, is that you?" he shouted, staggered by the unexpected joy of his sudden discovery.

"None other, father, but what you just heard was another Jack, the second Jack Wellington, Jr. He has just arrived, and his command of English is somewhat limited, but he was doing his best to introduce himself, and invite you and grandma to Christmas dinner with him, and—"

"Oh, Jack, Jack, where have you been all these years?" sobbed the old man.

"Catch the Lake Shore Limited to-night, father, bring mother with you, and I'll tell you all about it when you get here. You've got time. You see, father, I've kept track of you and mother all along. I wasn't going to let anything happen to the old folks, and—there was a catch in his voice, "I've got the right kind of a report to make, father. Never fear that."

The old man could scarcely contain himself as he listened, pressing the receiver closer and closer to his ear, as though he feared some bit of the precious news might escape him. Then he shouted: "All right, son, we're coming on the next train." He left the receiver dangling on the wall, and started on a run to the room where his wife sat, shouting as he went: "Mother, mother, it's Jack—our boy. Get ready, mother. I'm going to have a cab here in 20 minutes to catch the train for Chicago." She had risen with a wild look on her face, and had started to question him, but he shook his head, saying: "No, no, I'll explain later. Not got time now. We're going to spend Christmas with Jack and his boy."

He started for the phone again, and then dashed back, exclaiming: "Pack the tin horn if you don't pack another thing. Any child that can cry loud enough to be heard all the way from Chicago ought to have breath enough to blow that horn," and he dashed again to the phone to order a cab.

**Natural Deduction.**  
Peckem—I can't understand why so many people look upon Friday as the unluckiest day of the week.  
Mrs. Peckem—Why, do you consider it lucky?  
Peckem—It must be. Few people get married on that day.—Chicago Daily News.

## NEWS SUMMARY

Physical tests once in two years for marine corps officers are prescribed in an executive order just issued.

Separate statehood for Arizona and New Mexico is provided for in two bills introduced by Senator Foraker.

Frank Hannum of Laporte, Ind., is dead at Seattle, Wash., of injuries received in a football game. He was 26 years old.

Robbers dynamited the safe of the First National bank at Eufaula, Okla., and escaped with a sum said to be about \$15,000.

Indications multiply that the liquor question will be a burning one before the legislature which meets in Nashville, Tenn., in January.

The house has passed a bill placing an annual tax of \$100 on all dealers in cigarette and cigarette papers in the District of Columbia.

James Curren, 18 years old, was killed in a boxing bout with Benjamin Barnett, 17 years old, at the Broadway Athletic club, Philadelphia.

Two colored men lost their lives in a fire which destroyed the home of "Auntie" Mattie Crosby, an old colored woman in Columbus, Ohio.

Ten persons were instantly killed when two passenger trains ran together between Pouche and Rimoges, France. Many others were hurt.

An unknown man was instantly killed and Marshal C. F. Woods of Greenwich, Ohio, was seriously wounded in an encounter with five men in the railroad yards of that village.

Four men were instantly killed and four others seriously injured by a portion of a concrete pier of the new bridge being erected over the Potomac river at Williamsport, Md., collapsing.

A Northern Pacific coast train was damaged by fire to the extent of \$40,000, while at the station at St. Cloud, Minn. A lighted match dropped by a passenger on a window curtain started the fire.

The report of the state tobacco monopoly filed last week shows that the French nation last year consumed \$100,000,000 worth of tobacco upon which the government made a profit of \$75,000,000.

By the arrest of nine of the most important Bengal leaders and in their deportation to a secret destination, it is believed the authorities have successfully put down the seditious movement at Calcutta.

Miners and operators on Paint Creek, Kanawha county, Pennsylvania, where 1,800 miners have quit work following a reduction of wages posted by operators, are considering a compromise proposition.

Senator Bourne has introduced a bill providing for an increase in the salary of the president of the United States from \$50,000 to \$100,000, and in the salary of the vice-president from \$12,000 to \$25,000.

The Lisbon correspondent of the Cologne Gazette says in a dispatch that he is authorized to deny the story from Paris that Germany is about to acquire the Bergelen islands, off Portugal, for a coaling station.

Dr. Thomas Birdson, slayer of Dr. A. B. Pitts, a prominent physician of Hazelhurst, Miss., last week entered a plea of guilty and, in accordance with an agreement between counsel, was given a life sentence in the penitentiary.

By unanimous vote the house has adopted a resolution presented by the special committee of five calling on the president for proof of his charge that members were fearful of an investigation by the secret service agents.

The 8-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Spomer of Fresno, Cal., died while its parents slept. It had been sick from brain fever while teething, and at an inquest the parents declared they had cured it by means of prayer.

Statutes fixing the official status of Prince Chun, the regent, were published in Pekin last week. The prince is given an annual salary of \$105,000 and is made commander-in-chief of both the land and sea forces of the empire.

The W. C. T. U. of Delaware has passed a resolution requesting Governor-elect Pennell to provide, if possible, the substitution of water for wine at the naming of the new battleship Delaware at Newport News in February.

General Tasker H. Bliss, in command of the forces of the Philippines, has reported the death of eleven enlisted men of the Eighteenth regiment, stationed at Camp Keithley, Mindanao, from methyl poisoning, resulting from drinking Columbian spirit.

Eight foreigners were injured, two of them fatally, three houses were burned and four others dynamited to prevent further loss at Newbury, Pa., as the result of a powder explosion. One of the foreigners accidentally dropped a match into a keg of powder.

Secretary Bacon cabled Ambassador Leishman at Constantinople the resolutions of congratulation and good wishes of the senate and house of representatives on the opening of the Turkish parliament, with directions to convey them to the proper authorities.

Mrs. Isabella J. Martin, charged with conspiracy in dynamiting the residence of Judge F. B. Ogden at Oakland, Cal., on March 19, 1907, was out found guilty by a jury, which was out less than ten minutes. The motive for the crime was revenge for fancied wrongs.

## ABOUT THE LADY DOLPHINS.

Child's Inquiry Natural, Perhaps, to One of Her Sex.

A theatrical manager at the Players' club said of the school of classical dancing that Miss Isadora Duncan conducts:

"Miss Duncan bears some quaint remarks as she converses with her child pupils. One day, preparatory to the first lesson in a dolphin dance, she delivered to her class a little lecture on this fish. She described the grace of the dolphin, and afterward she described its habits and mode of life."

"And, children," she said, "a single dolphin will have 2,000 offspring."

"A little girl gave a start."

"And how about the married ones?" she gasped.

## FACT VERIFIED.



Kid—Say, mister, got change for five dollars?

Kind Gentleman—Yes, my boy; here it is.

Kid—Thanks, boss; I just wanted to see it. I'd kinder got to thinkin' dere wasn't dat much money in circulation!

## An Encouraging Average.

"I have been looking over my financial operations," said Mr. Easigo. "I must say they are more successful than usual."

"Have you been making large profits?"

"No. I don't expect anything like that."

"But you say you were successful?"

"Comparatively successful. During the month I have loaned money to five friends, and only three of them have quit speaking to me."

## Good Bye.

Mitchell's Eye Salve was first compounded in 1848 by Dr. Mitchell, a noted eye specialist of Missouri. It is a clean, white, odorless salve with wonderful curative properties. Simply apply to the eye lids, that's all. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents.

## All Conventions Observed.

Wife (suspiciously)—Who is this Kitty you and your friends talk about at your club? Is it proper for a young woman to call there?

Husband (innocently)—Perfectly proper, my dear. There is an "ante" there to chaperone this Kitty.

## An Exceptional Case.

"The newspapers tell of a Connecticut woman who gave her husband \$25,000 to let her alone."

"This is a funny old world. It is the husband who usually gives his wife every cent he gets to let him alone."

## Saved the Trouble.

"Your wife has eloped with your chauffeur."

"I don't care. I was going to fire him, anyway."

## Worth Its Weight in Gold.

PETTIT'S EYE SALVE strengthens old eyes, tonic for eye strain, weak, watery eyes. Druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Each hour has its lesson and its life; and if we miss this we shall not find its lesson in another.—King.

**ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE"**  
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

This would be a brighter world if the people who can't sing wouldn't.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.  
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Sober second thoughts are always best for a toper.

## TEA

You think one tea as good as another?

Why don't you buy at the lowest price you see in the window?

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best. We pay him.

It is vain to be always looking towards the future and never acting towards it.—Boyes.

**WE BUY FURS AND HIDES**  
For spot cash. 10 to 50% more money for you to ship Raw Furs and Hides to us than to sell at home. Write for Price List, Market Report, Shipping Team, and about our **HUNTERS' & TRAPPERS' GUIDE** to \$10,000 worth of furs. 400 pages, leather bound. Best thing on the subject ever written. Illustrating all Furs and Hides. Also Trappers' Notes, Dens, Traps, Game Laws, How and where to trap, and to become a successful trapper. It's a regular Encyclopedia. Price, \$2. To our customers, \$1.25. Send for it now. Write to us and get highest prices. Address: Howard Bros., Dept. 115, Minneapolis, Minn.

**PISO'S CURE**  
A TEARING TERRIBLE COUGH  
bespeaks impending peril. Constant coughing irritates and inflames the lungs, inviting the ravaging attacks of deadly disease. Piso's Cure soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces, clears the clogged air passages and stops the cough. The first dose will bring surprising relief. Piso's Cure has held the confidence of people everywhere for half a century. No matter how serious and obstinate the nature of your cold, or how many remedies have failed, you can be convinced by a fair trial that the ideal remedy for such conditions is **PISO'S CURE**.



This woman says Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved her life. Read her letter.

Mrs. T. C. Willadsen, of Manning, Iowa, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved my life, and I cannot express my gratitude to you in words. For years I suffered with the worst forms of female complaints, continually doctoring and spending lots of money for medicine without help. I wrote you for advice, followed it as directed, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has restored me to perfect health. Had it not been for you I should have been in my grave to-day. I wish every suffering woman would try it."

## FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

## Ponderous.

"Do that orator's opinions carry any weight?" asked one statesman.

"They ought to," answered the other. "They are heavy enough."

## PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

When a woman has her hair fixed up she is half dressed.

Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours need Allen's Foot-Powder. See at your Druggist's or at A. C. C. Co., 100 N. Y. St., New York.

It's a bad thing to be known as a "good thing."

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE  
"Guaranteed" 375

**SICK HEADACHE**  
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.  
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.  
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature  
Refuse Substitutes.

**PARKER'S HAIR BALM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore gray hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp diseases and itching. 25c and 50c a bottle.

**HOWARD E. BURTON, ASSAYER AND CHEMIST.**  
Specimen prices: Gold, Silver, Lead, \$1; Gold, Silver, \$2; Gold, Silver, Zinc, \$3; Copper, \$1. Uranium, Lead, Mollusc, and full price list sent on application. Collect and sample work solicited. Leadville, Colo. Reference, Carbonate National Bank.

Treated with Thompson's Eye Water  
W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 52, 1908